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FRANK A. MUNSEY

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

November 22.

1862—Burnside summons Fredericksburg to surrender; Confederate General Lee, with about 30,000 men, near.
1875—Henry Wilson, Vice President of the United States, dies at Washington; Thomas W. Ferry, of Michigan, becomes President pro tem. of the Senate.

Clergymen's Salaries.

Are They Too Small to Attract Educated Men?

The "Atlanta Constitution" expresses the opinion that the salaries of clergymen should be raised, and says that the salary of the average clergyman is at present too small to attract the right sort of man into the ministry. There is not much doubt that clergymen are underpaid, but it is a question whether this, or some other reason, is the cause of the scarcity of the right kind of clergymen—supposing that such a scarcity exists.

It is quite possible that the trouble is not with the salary or the candidate, but with the congregation, which, in this country, is the court of last resort. There are parishes in which the clergyman is expected to exercise a political finesse, an intellectual skill, and an adroitness in manipulating human weaknesses which would do credit to a ward boss, and he has none of the power of the boss. It is not surprising that self-respecting men do not wish to enter a profession in which they must earn their bread by discussing the highest and most sacred subjects, and their butter by catering to the whims of their rich parishioners. That, in plain language, is the case in altogether too many American churches.

There are clergymen who succeed in doing all this without loss of self-respect, but they are men of unusual character and tact. There are thousands of other good men who are fitted to be religious teachers, but not to do a thousand and one other things which come under the head of the clergyman's social duties. The loss is the people's.

What we need is not more money for clergymen, so much as a different spirit in some of the churches. The clergyman should be able to preach sermons which will be really inspiring and helpful to his people; he should be able to comfort them in trouble, so far as human power can; and he should know enough about human nature to be able to help them with good advice. But he should not be required to let off rhetorical fireworks, superintend all the social doings of the parish, or escape the criticism of everybody who is hard to please.

Cooks and the Union.

A Meeting of the International Culinary Association in New York.

There is a labor union of cooks in New York called the International Culinary Association, and it includes about two thousand of the eight thousand professional cooks in that city. They held a mass meeting Thursday night for the purpose of inducing more cooks to join, and speeches were made in German, French, Italian, and English.

The present objects of the union are defined as the endeavor for better sanitary conditions in the kitchen, for a ten-hour day, and for the abolition of employment agencies. One of the speakers said:

"Of course we can't all get the same wages, because there are so many grades to one profession. The cook who makes the dinner for a king is not in the same class with the cook who makes the ragout for the bird."

This naive statement strikes at the root of the objection which most people, not in labor unions, have to those organizations, and also at the root of the trouble over the servant question. It is one of the most significant statements lately made at a labor meeting.

The labor union advocate who asks that the incompetent and the incompetent shall receive the same wages on account of brotherhood in the craft is the indignation of the average man. The trouble with the servant question at present is that the in-

competent does get the same wages as the incompetent in the majority of cases, and that without any union to help. This is a curious coincidence, and one which has been generally noted. Let us look into the causes thereof.

The wages of servants are fixed, not by the skill of the worker or the amount of service performed, but largely by the need of a living wage. In this city, for example, it does not pay for a woman to do general housework at all, unless she can get for it a certain sum—ten dollars a month is the average. She may be a good servant or a poor one, but she gets her ten dollars a month. If she is able to perform certain special service her wages rise in proportion to intelligence and capability, but there are very few places for special servants.

The chef receives a salary counted by the thousands, and his assistants are paid in exact proportion to the value of the work they do. There is little friction, and little complaint of incompetence among those employers who can and will pay for trained service. The widespread grumbling begins with the grade of employer who is obliged to choose servants from the unskilled labor class; and the chief ground for this complaint is that the demands, not unskilled labor, but highly specialized skilled labor, for the minimum wage. The statement of the cook at the meeting of the union cannot be made to apply to the average household, because the average household cannot grade its service in this way. To do so would make the trained housekeeper a luxury beyond its means, while the kitchen maid might have to pay for the privilege of being taught. This arrangement is manifestly impossible. Unskilled labor is worth something, when applied to such work as requires mere strength; skilled labor is worth more. It is simply the pressure of economic law which sends the skilled labor into such occupations as reward it with higher wages, more independence, or better social advantages, and leaves the unskilled labor in the business where living wages and social ostracism are the rule.

Affairs in Tibet.

The Possibility of a Conflict in Central Asia.

The advance of Colonel Younghusband into Tibet causes some general speculation as to the possibility of a conflict between British and Russian forces in that inhospitable land. It is much more likely that the conflict will be between British and Russian diplomacy, for there is no reason to suppose that Russia is yet ready for any other sort of fight. Should she get that outlet to the sea for which she has been scheming for more than half a century, and should the consequent development of Russian internal resources take place, then the situation would become entirely different.

There is a possibility of some skirmishing with the nations in Central Asia, and no better place could be found to teach the British army what it does not know about guerrilla warfare. A severe lesson came to it in South Africa, but as yet the effect of this lesson is not fully revealed. For that matter, the American Revolution, and even before that, Braddock's defeat, should have taught the British army the futility of anything but bushfighting when the enemy is a bushfighter, but the lesson at that time did not stay learned.

The war of the future is more than likely to be fought all over the waste places of the earth. The soldier of the future must know how to take care of himself. No barrack-room habits hold on the yeld, or the desert, or the steppes, or the mountain side. It will not do to take raw recruits from the city street or the rural village, and dump them into a strange country with the pathetic faith that the standing luck of the British army will carry them through. The only part of the British army which is at present worth a row of pins is that seasoned contingent which is used to frontier warfare and officered by men who are in the business from heredity and the love of it, and not for social reasons. Colonel Younghusband's troops probably belong to this class. But it might be a good thing to sprinkle some of the raw men in among them, for purposes of seasoning.

A Benefit to Janaschek.

English Actors and Actresses to Join in the Enterprise.

Several English actors and actresses now in this country have agreed to join in the benefit to be given for Madame Janaschek, who is said to be in great need of assistance. The generosity of members of this profession is proverbial, and it is a necessary virtue, for the peculiar conditions of the actor's success make it improbable that he should be a business man as well as a genius. It is

true that some men and women of genius do combine the two qualities, but the temperament which makes for dramatic art frequently seems incompatible with commercial ability.

This, at any rate, seems to have been the case with Madame Janaschek, an actress who, even in her old age, showed traces of the divine fire which raises the genius above the merely talented artist. Even in the pitifully inadequate plays in which the last of her acting was done she held the attention of the audience absolutely whenever she was on the stage. A woman of such quality does more of what is called in cant phrase "elevating the stage" than any amount of money and elaborate stage properties can do. She belonged to the old school of art, the school whose traditions came straight from that Shakespearean era when the audience happily accepted a statement on a sign reading "This is a street in Venice," and demanded no lagoons and gondolas; the day when a real actor could play Macbeth in a dressing gown, with an umbrella for a sword. It was such art as this which kept the drama alive through poverty, disapprobation and persecution, and saved from oblivion one of the great arts of the world. It is right and fitting that one of the representatives of this art should, in her old age, receive aid as freely given as she gave herself to her work.

Farm Libraries.

Traveling Collections of Books for Indiana Farmers.

They have a traveling library system in Indiana for the benefit of farmers. The organization which is in charge of this work is the Indiana Library Commission. Each library consists of forty books, which may be had by any library association in any village which is willing to pay express charges.

The librarians found, somewhat to their surprise, that when they put in books on farming, or hints on making farm life attractive, they generally came back unread, while good fiction and biography were worn out with much handling. But there is really nothing strange in this, as most people who have been brought up on farms will admit. The trouble with such books on farming as were selected by the commission probably was that they were either commonplace or unpractical. The farmer does not want to read theoretical books, written by men who do not know his business; and even when they do know something about farming in England or the East, it by no means follows that they can tell him how to run an Indiana farm. The farmer's wife does not care for books which tell her how to furnish her house for \$500 when she has not \$100 to spend for the purpose. The amount of nonsense which is offered to the farmer in the shape of advice is absolutely phenomenal. There are two things which every man thinks himself competent to run, whether he has ever been within gunshot of the job or not; one is a farm and the other is a newspaper. They are both good places to throw away money, if a man does not know the work.

The kind of literature which the farmers of this country do keenly crave is what may be called practical literature—fiction of the best class, biographies of men who have done things, descriptive books dealing with other countries in an interesting way. It will be found, as a rule, that the best books are most acceptable in rural districts. The farmer is no fool. He lives close to nature, and nature does not encourage foolishness.

The question how that Western millionaire lost his ear is still unsolved, but it may have come about in the same way as the wooden leg of a certain historic person. Besieged by an inquisitive fellow-passenger, as to the cause of his misfortune, he finally said, "If I tell you, will you promise not to ask another question about it?" The inquisitive one would promise anything. "Well," said the one-legged man, very slowly, "it was bit off." Perhaps somebody bit off the ear of the millionaire.

Nasology, the science of noses, is said to be the coming popular study. At any rate, its conclusions can hardly be sneezed at.

Edward Atkinson says mud will be the substitute for coal, which will enable the consumer to issue a new Declaration of Independence. If that is the case, we shall all be ready to celebrate two Fourth of Julys.

Some people are never in an unhappy frame of mind, because they have not enough mind to frame.

The "Philadelphia Press" is still admitting letters to prove that housework is degrading, or the contrary. The way some women do housework would degrade a chimpanzee.

Cuba is said to have been invited into the Union; but does the Union appear inviting to her?

The Colombian seems to be at present in united states of mind.

M. Quad seems to have found something serious in life at last.

The People's Forum.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES invites letters; it is not necessary that the views of the writers coincide with the opinions of THE TIMES, but they must be free from offensive personalities. As a guarantee of good faith, the writer's name and address must be signed, but will not be printed if not desired.

Noisy Milk Wagons.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Can't something be done to suppress, or, at least, to minimize, the early morning milk wagon nuisance in the residence streets of the city? The hurry-up, slap-bang style in vogue with most of the drivers and their steeds is disturbing to the nerves of quiet citizens, who, to be able until the sun rises these cold mornings, especially to those who happen to live in streets that are paved with stone blocks.

Washington, Nov. 18.

Politeness on the Cars.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Nowhere in the world will a person's breeding show itself quicker than on a street car. I noticed a big, strong fellow, well dressed and genteel-looking enough, too, standing on the platform of a Seventh Street car coming downtown this morning who permitted no less than five weak little women and girls to open and shut the heavy sliding doors without once offering to help, although he was within easy reach, and was not even occupied with a cigar or a newspaper. Of course, the gentlemanly conductor was at the back end of the car collecting fares, so this would not have happened. What is coming over our Washington gentlemen?

Washington, Nov. 20.

Keep Sidewalks Clear.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Now that the winter is good and hard upon us, I will be glad if you will kindly call the attention of the District authorities to the necessity of keeping the sidewalks clear of ice and snow. The happenings of the past show that miffy accidents, some serious and many painful, have resulted because of the fact that ice and snow had not been swept from the pavements, as required by law. In many instances this has resulted in suits being brought against the District for damages, which, when the complainant is successful, the people are taxed to pay. In many instances the blame is to be laid for large quantities of ice and snow left on the pavement. No matter what the cause of the pavement being left in an unsafe condition for pedestrians, the highways should be always made safe by the municipal authorities.

Washington, Nov. 20.

Flowers for Hospitals.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Several days ago I wrote to you to suggest that the Agricultural Department and the propagating gardens send some of their surplus flowers to the hospitals. I understand that the hint was not taken by the officials, and that quantities of flowers, principally chrysanthemums, were actually destroyed after the flower show if it is not desirable to give the flowers to the public owing to the certain objection of the florists of the city, but there can certainly be no harm in giving the flowers to the sick in the hospitals. Will The Times help to bring this about?

Washington, Nov. 20.

In a Lighter Vein.

At the Horse Show.

In looking at the docked horses, one finds odd quotations fall:
For instance, that familiar one,
"And, thereby, have a tale!"

Hind-Sight.

Miss Snirk—I can't help it if the men all turn and look at me, can I, dear?
Miss Cuttes—No, I suppose not, since you say that your hair is falling down your back, darling.—Chicago Tribune.

Insurmountable Difficulties.

Hopful Parent—You never know what you can do till you try.
Hopeless Son—No, but I do, that's so! Now, upon my word, you know I used to think I couldn't blow smoke rings.—Detroit Free Press.

The Season.

The spring and summer weeks and days
Are gathered in Time's shrouds;
And soon will come the winter time—
Whenever autumn leaves.—
—Baltimore American.

Matches for Pennies.

The colonial treasurer of the Transvaal has sent to England for \$50,000 worth of pennies, with the view of aiding in the reduction of the cost of living in the Rand. Owing to the death of James, mother there are at present used as a portion of the currency of the Rand.—New York Tribune.

Intent Interest.

"Yes, his painting attracts a great many people."
"Great artist, eh?"
"No, just a house painter. He puts out a sign, 'Fresh Paint,' and every one touches it to see if it's dry."—Chicago News.

No News Not Good News.

He—Be candid and tell me when you want me to go.
She—It's a couple of hours too late for that.—Smart Set.

A Real Winter Resort.

"But why do you advertise this as a winter resort, when you admit that the thermometer sometimes goes as low as 30 or 40 degrees below zero?"
"Well, that's winter, isn't it? Real winter, it seems to me."—Chicago Post.

A Stationary Proposal.

Mr. Nervy—Miss Roxley, I adore you. Will you not be my wife?
Miss Roxley (haughtily)—The idea of your proposing to a girl in my station! You should know better.

Mr. Nervy—I do know better, but no richer.—Philadelphia Press.

A Glad Caller.

Misses—Did anyone call while I was out, Jane?
Jane—Yes, mum. Was gentlemen was after calling, mum.

Misses—What was his name?
Jane—Molke O'Rafferty, mum, an' he was as glad to find yez out as he was to find me in. O'm thinkin', mum.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Light That Failed.

Roskin had just finished his "Seven Lamps of Architecture."
"Very good," said the critics, "but can you throw any light on how much a house will cost after the architect gives his estimate?"

Wishing to change the subject, the great man hastily began to write on another topic.—New York Sun.

Never Worth the Price.

"After all, it takes a woman to drive a bargain."
"Unless the bargain should happen to be a flower."
"Huh! Did you ever hear of a horse that was a bargain?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World.

By THE MARQUISE DE POSTENOS.

Order of Leopold II.

King Leopold, probably with the object of expressing his defiance of those nations which have taken exception to his administration of the Congo Free State, and which have called him to account for the frightful atrocities perpetrated by his agents upon the unfortunate natives, has chosen this moment to create, in his capacity as sovereign of the Congo Free State, a new order of knighthood entitled the Order of Leopold II, comprising five grades, and consisting of a gold or silver cross, the branches of which are connected with one another by a wreath of palm leaves in gold and silver. In the center there is on the obverse side an escutcheon with the armorial bearings of the Congo Free State, surrounded by a blue enameled band, bearing the words, "Labor and Progress," while the reverse shows two "L's" interlaced and surrounded by a royal crown. The ribbon is of dark blue, with a black stripe running along the center thereof.

The King has already created four other orders in his capacity as sovereign of the Congo: the Order of the African Star, the Order of the Royal Lion, the Order of the Crown, and the Order of the Congo Star, which he distributes with a good deal of profusion, finding it much more economical to reward people for services with a decoration, the intrinsic value of which may be about \$1 or \$5, than to present them with a piece of jewelry, which in view of the royal rank of the donor must necessarily be much more costly.

Orders of Belgium.

Belgium itself has three orders of its own, the Order of Leopold I, the Civic Decoration and the Military Cross. But the King is not permitted to give these away without the decree conferring them being countersigned by the responsible cabinet minister, who is accountable to the national legislature, and it is because Leopold experienced so many objections on the part of his ministers to the distribution of the three Belgian orders of knighthood to people whom he had selected for the honor that he created these various decorations of high honor, which he is able to give away as he chooses.

Whether or not they can be considered in the light of a distinction in view of the revelations that have taken place concerning the cruelties practiced in the Congo Valley is a matter for question.

Danger to Princess.

Although there seems to be a tendency to treat lightly the story cabled from Europe of the discovery of a plot to kidnap little Princess Yolanda, the two-year-old and idolized daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, during the visit of her parents to England, which was brought to a close yesterday, yet it is probable that there has been serious cause for alarm. There are plenty of men in Italy and elsewhere in Europe desperate enough to carry off the child from the chateau of San Rossore, which is surrounded on the land side by an immense forest, while close by is the sea, so that unless special care were exercised it would not be so difficult to get away with the little girl and to elude pursuers.

"Forever" the tiny princess is such a popular favorite that sooner than risk any harm befalling the child, the people and her parents would be willing to pay almost any ransom demanded, taking their chances of bringing the kidnappers to justice once the child is recovered and in safety. Two separate attempts have been made within the last five years to kidnap the children of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria from his chateau of Euxinograd, which, like King Victor Emmanuel's San Rossore, is on the seashore, surrounded on the land side by dense woods. Prince Alexander of Romania, although a grown man, was kidnapped in 1886 and carried off by night from his palace in Sofia across the Danube and into Russia, while there are a number of thoughtful people both in Germany and abroad who are convinced that the only son of the Roman Catholic Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden was kidnapped while an infant of a few months old and a dying child substituted in his place, the object of the kidnappers being to assure the succession to the throne of the Protestant branch of the family, and to prevent any child of Grand Duchess Stephanie from becoming ruler of Baden.

Theme of Romances.

Amor: those who devoted a good deal of attention to this matter was the fourth Earl of St. George, one of the cleverest English noblemen of his day. He spent much money and labor in securing all sorts of evidence of a character to strengthen the belief in the story that Stephanie's son had been kidnapped, while his daughter, the late Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosslyn, not only shared his opinions, but likewise befriended that extraordinary creature, Kaspar Hauser, who found at the gates of Nuremberg one morning, aged apparently twenty, unable to write, read, or even talk, nor yet to hear the light of day, a wild man if ever there was one, was asserted by the Duchess and by many others to be the kidnapped Prince of Baden, who had been kept confined in a dark room without ever seeing a human soul, until suddenly liberated.

What added to the mystery was the fact that after the young fellow had been shut into a relatively civilized and intelligent youth, he was killed by a dagger thrust in the public park at Karlsruhe which about to be brought by the Duchess of Cleveland to the Grand Duchess Stephanie. His murderers were never discovered, and escaped unpunished. Indeed, there are few romances more mysterious and sensational in the history of Old World royalty than this affair of Kaspar Hauser, which has been made the theme of innumerable novels.

Cause for Alarm.

If I recall this, it is to show that the plot to kidnap the Italian child is by no means without precedent and that the King and Queen of Italy may have and every bit as much cause for alarm as the parents of the kidnapped Prince of Baden, who not so long ago were employing private detectives to watch over their children just in order to prevent the danger of their being abducted and held for ransom.

A Child Exhibition.

Talking of children, the widowed Empress of Russia is organizing a great exhibition at St. Petersburg of everything connected with child life, from clothes, toys and books to educational appliances, such as school desks and

seats. The money derived from the exhibition is to be devoted to philanthropic institutions for children, of which the czarina mother is patroness, and I should imagine that there are many American objects connected with child life here which would be welcomed by the management of the exhibition in question.

Louise Under Restraint.

Princess Louise of Coburg, after having spent a fortnight in Milan and eluding the attentions of the king of Italy, a change of scene and climate, with her attendants and Dr. Pierson, under whose medical care she has been ever since she quitted Austria, has now returned to his sanatorium, near Dresden, benighted by her trip, still far from sufficiently recovered to admit of her being left free from any further supervision or medical restraint.

Her sister, the ex-Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, has returned to Vienna from Lucerne, under the care of doctors and nurses in a special ambulance railway car, so seriously ill that her recovery is to the last degree improbable. Indeed, if she survives she is destined, so it is reported, to remain an invalid for life.

Duke of Hoboken.

The Duke of Ursel, president of the Belgian senate, who was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy last week at Brussels, while delivering a speech at the funeral of Bishop van Artselaar, one of the most popular prelates of Belgium, is not only Duke of Ursel, but likewise Duke of Hoboken, a name familiar to the ears of every American who has seen the Hudson River at New York. The founder of the family was Conrad von Schetz, Baron of Hoboken, in Flanders, who was adopted by his mother's sister, Barbe d'Ursel, and inherited not only her property, but also her name and her armorial bearings. Emperor Charles VI of Germany converted his barony of Hoboken into a dukedom and likewise created him Duke of Ursel, and as such he figures, not only in the German nobility, but likewise in that of the Netherlands and of Belgium. The present duke is popular, and his aged mother, Charles VI of the French house of Harcourt, is grand mistress of the Court of Brussels.

Prize Horses of History and Fable.

Bucephalus paved the ground impatiently. "If that man wants more words to conquer," he whinnied, "why doesn't he get me a blue ribbon?" Feeling slighted, he tried to get even by throwing Alexander to the ground.

Winchester was carrying Sheridan. "Maybe we won't get such a ribbon," he neighed, "but just you watch us rally the blue!" Putting on an extra spurt, he succeeded in reaching the fray.

The Wooden Horse was entering Troy. "People may not think so much of my form," he remarked, "but when it comes to taking prizes, I have an inside pull." Later events proved that the show had captured the city by storm.

Balaam's ass was lamenting. "I just know I would carry off the honors at the horse show," he said; "my good points speak for themselves." Regretting that he lived before his time, he gladdened his patient way.

Pegasus complained to the gods. "It's perfectly awful the way these poets ride me," said the winged steed. "Never mind," they comforted him, "the new generation will be so light you won't feel them." Hearing this, he sagaciously practiced jumping board bills.—New York Sun.

The Story of a Bear.

In his remarkable book, "Bears That Have Helped Me," Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton says: "When in doubt a bear always scratches his head, invariably using his left paw. The reason is not far to seek. The arterial arrangement in a bear's head is simpler on the left side; hence the left half of the brain becomes the dominating half."

"When in doubt I always write to John Burroughs. I referred this matter to him, and received the following reply: 'My dear Seton, Seton is wrong, as usual. What he says about the arterial arrangement is true enough, but he seems ignorant of the fact that the left half of the brain, being the dominating half, dominates the right paw. A bear always scratches his head with his right paw. Yours for real natural history.'"

"Celery on the Hudson."—JOHN BURROUGHS.
—Bert Laston Taylor in The Reader.

True Politeness.

The Earl of Stair, who is now seriously ill, represents a long line of distinguished ancestors, Dalrymple by name, and of those the most illustrious was Marshal Stair, who, after doing great things in the wars of Marlborough, was sent as English ambassador to Versailles. Louis XIV said the Lord Stair was the only man he had ever met. For once, when the grand monarch beckoned the earl to enter his majesty's carriage first, his lordship, with a bow, did so without more ado. "A less polite man," said the king, "would have deprecatd the honor, and begged me to take precedence of him."—New York Tribune.

A World of Compensation.

This is a fine old world we've got. Set up and run all right and true. We won't complain if we will live it in the proper light.

A man may kick because he's short of many things he likes. But after all he can't complain. The average he strikes.

For instance, he will eat a bird. Although it may object. The bird will eat a worm, whereby The worm's whole life is wrecked.

But that is fair, as time will show. In working out the plan; For by and by, to even up, The worm will eat the man.

Each is fairly recompensed. According to his lot. And man and bird and worm should be Content with what they've got.

—William J. Langton in "Judge."

Snake-Killing Cats of Cairo.

A native woman living in Old Cairo was entering her house when, to her great terror, she perceived a snake of formidable dimensions, which had taken possession of the hearth during the owner's absence. The woman fled, leaving the door open. Her cat then appeared on the scene, entered, saw the cobra, put up its back and tail, spat and otherwise manifested its hostility, and in turn went out. A few minutes afterward it returned in company with a second cat. After a similar exhibition both went out and returned with a third, and finally went away, returning finally with a fourth. Considering that sufficient force had been recruited to kill the snake, the four at once fell on the reptile, and after a short but fierce struggle the latter was literally torn to pieces.

—Egyptian Gazette.

Tersely Told Facts Picked at Random.

The Osage Indians certainly do not deserve the sobriquet of "poor devils." There are about 600 of them, and they have to their credit about \$10,000,000 in the Treasury and own about 1,500,000 acres of good land.

Texas has some particularly rich districts. There is a patch in Burnett county of five acres where may be found nickel, gold, silver, lead, tin, cerium, lanthanum, erbium, thorium, and uranium, not to mention several other valuable metals.

Once every fifteen years we get real close to Mars, something like 35,000,000 miles. The rest of the time we are only 141,000,000 miles away from it.

Until the beginning of the eighteenth century Great Britain's national debt was